

# Washington Scene . . . By George Dixon

## Stassen Hopeful of Another Real Estate Profit Here

IN HIS SLEEP, Harold Stassen has a recurrent dream of being coaxed back to Washington by a new Republican President, but when he awakes to cold reality he has uncanny flashes of intuition that the dream will not come to pass if the new Republican President is Richard M. Nixon.



Dixon

There are numerous GOP politicians, not excluding the Vice President, who wish Childe Harold would spend more time in slumber because, paradoxically, his waking moments are likely to be nightmarish to the Grand Old Party. Many Republican leaders try to pretend there is no such creature as Stassen—that he is merely a figment of their tortured imaginations—but he dispels this by stepping on their corns so smartly they know he can't be ectoplasm.

Stassen has a number of reasons for yearning to return to the Nation's Capital. One is that he does not revel in obscurity—and when Harold isn't holding public office, or making public trouble, he

is obscure to the point of invisibility. It's easy to see through him.

BUT HE HAS another reason for desiring to rejoin us that is more material. During his sojourn here he made the accidental discovery that he is a real estate genius.

He bought a house in nearby Montgomery County, Md., for \$47,000, and when he was dumped by the Administration he sold it for \$63,000. Apparently great real estate salesmanship was involved because the purchaser is now grouching about having paid too much, and is also calling upon heaven to witness his double persecution because Montgomery County is threatening to raise his assessment.

Stassen probably figures that if he can get back to Washington he can buy another house and sell it at a nice profit when he is thrown out again. He would seem to be reasonably sure of a quick turnover. It is doubtful if any President of his own party, even if not named Nixon, would insist upon holding him too long.

A GREAT MANY of our Republican and Democratic grande dames sank political differences recently to raise funds for the Home for Incurables. A luncheon gala

was staged, with tickets at \$12.50 each.

Mrs. Lawrence Wood Robert, wife of former Democratic National Treasurer "Chip" Robert, took \$100 worth. By malign fate she made out a check on a bank branch in which her spouse has a staggering balance, but she not a dime.

A few days later, she received a phone call from Mrs. H. Struve Hensel, treasurer of the fund-raising drive. The following nonpartisan dialogue ensued:

Mrs. Hensel: "Good morning, Evie. The most amusing thing has occurred."

Mrs. Robert: "Oh, do tell me dear. I need something amusing to cheer me up."

Mrs. Hensel: "Your check bounced."

Mrs. Robert: "Why but that's impossible, my dear: I still have some money."

Mrs. Hensel: "Possibly. But not in the branch of the bank on which your check is written."

The fiscal matter finally was straightened out but Mrs. Robert would just as soon her check hadn't bounced into the hands of the missus of the former Assistant Secretary of Defense, a militant Republican who suspects all Democrats.

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